

It's Real to Me

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Summary: Hiccup caved and got a Tumblr account to post his art, and one particular admirer is interested in more than just his artwork. He's surprised at the easy friendship that develops and the no-stop conversations. Sure, he might not know Jack Frost in person but that doesn't make their friendship any less real to him. But, friendship is slowly becoming the wrong word to use.

It's Real to Me

****This is based on Prompt 3 posted by .com. It caught my fancy, and I couldn't help it. It got away from me and grew much longer than I expected.****

****I hope you enjoy!****

* * *

><p>The small, red square stared at him. He blinked and rubbed his eyes.<p>

A message?

A message.

That's what it looked like, right?

Someone wanted to talk to him.

About what?

Toothless lazily blinked open an eye and looked at him from atop the brunet's bed; the cat let out a long whine as if telling him to get it over with already.

Nodding, he wiped his hands on his pants and clicked on the letter at the top of his dash.

Dark blue washed his screen, a small white bubble sitting in contrast. The profile picture displayed a snowflake.

Are they obsessed with Frozen?

Gods, he was sick of that movie. It was fun and cute, but it was getting to be too much. He couldn't even listen to the radio without "Let it Go" making appearance at least once an hour.

The url read "jackfrost".

Wait.

Really?

His eyes moved down to the message.

.

jackfrost said:

I LOVED THAT SNOW DRAGON YOU POSTED! Oh my God, YOU'RE ART IS AMAZING. How the HELL do you do that?

.

Ah.

He remembered that one.

He'd posted it like a week ago after he'd finished it for his digital art class.

How did jackfrost find _that?_

Well, he guessed the name kind of said it all.

He clicked on the square and pencil icon and typed_**:

**__Practice_.He hit "Answer Privately".

The brunet typed in the url in the search bar. He pulled up the webpage and was greeted by a sleek white and pale blue theme. Silvery snowflakes fluttered down from the top of the page and gathered along the bottom, piling into snowdrifts around a snowman in the right corner.

As he scrolled down the single column of posts, wintery scenes greeted him: glass panes frosted with ice, waterfalls of spilling solid, snowy hills, children sledding and building snowmen, steaming cups of hot chocolate, people curled up and cuddling under a thick blanket in a cabin.

It was a nice reprieve from the late summer that currently scorched outside his apartment window. He couldn't wait for winter now.

The posts were interspersed with answered asks that were one of two options: praise for the blog and the warm, fuzzy feeling it brought, and demands of "who did you kill to get this url".

Occasionally, a lifehack post would pop up with a creative prank.

"Well," the brunet murmured to himself, "I guess now it makes sense why he liked it so much."

The black cat on his bed gave a low yowl as it stood and arched its back; claws dug into the comforter. Toothless leapt down and then up onto his owner's lap, curling into a new position.

"No worries, bud," he said, scratching him under the chin. "I haven't forgotten about you."

Green eyes turned back to the laptop screen. He scrolled back to the top and clicked the dashboard icon. He was greeted by another message and a follower.

A follower?

jackfrost

He was surprised. He knew he shouldn't be, but he was. The brunet had a good idea of who the message was from.

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****jackfrost said:****

well aren't you a smart ass.

Answer:

I see it more as honest.

.

He barely got back to his dash when he had another message.

.

****jackfrost said:****

so tell me about yourself.

Answer:

What do you want to know?

****jackfrost said:****

the basics? what's the meaning behind your url?

Answer:

I like dragons, so I don't know. thedragontamer wasn't taken so I took it.

****jackfrost said:****

and the basics?

Answer:

Well what about you? What's with your url?

****jackfrost said:****

answering a question with a question. *huff* I don't think mine needs much explanation. I love winter and yes the url wasn't taken when I first joined. obviously

Answer:

Ah. Makes sense.

****jackfrost said****

so? the basics?

.

The brunet huffed and shook his hair out with his fingers.
Persistent, huh?

—·—

Answer:

You can call me Hiccup. I'm 20 and currently going to University of Berk with a double major in mechanics and art. Brown hair. Green eyes. Male. Bisexual.

I'm not good with this sort of thing. What things are the basics?

****jackfrost said:****

that works. so, Jack. 17. still in high school. senior this year, can't wait to get out of this hell hole. no idea what I'm going to do after. white hair, dyed. blue eyes. male. Dunno

Answer:

Well, it's nice to meet you Jack. You do know that your grammar is horrible, right?

****jackfrost said:****

wel arent u a grammer nazi. tel me does tis anoy u?

Answer:

Yes.

****jackfrost said:****

laughs maniacally

.

They talked for a little while longer about anything and nothing (as cliché as that sounded). When Hiccup finally said it was time for him to go—he had an 8:30 class tomorrow—it was past midnight. Before shutting his laptop down, he typed in .com into the search bar and followed. Shaking his head, he pulled his covers down and crawled into bed.

Toothless curled up on his chest, and the brunet wasn't sure if he could write of the warmth he felt growing their entirely to the cat's body.

O.O.O.o.O.O.O

Hiccup was amazed at how eager he was every day to see the small notification and read Jack's message, how much he looked forward to their conversations to de-stress from a crazy day of classes. So, when one Friday he didn't have a message waiting for him when he logged onto Tumblr, his chest filled with disappointment. More than he thought should. He was also—kind of—sad.

Nibbling his bottom lip, he ran his fingers through his hair and rearranged the shaggy strands. He took a deep breath and let it out. Hiccup decided it was best to log off for today; he had a project to finish after all that he had been putting it off to focus on his conversations with Jack.

Saturday morning also brought an empty ask box and slow dash that was devoid of any winter post, so he sent an ask himself.

—•—

Ask:

Hey, things going okay? Haven't heard from you in a couple days.

.

Leaving his dashboard up on his screen, he pulled up a playlist, started it and set to work. His apartment's clutter kept growing; he'd been putting off cleaning the last couple of weeks in favor of his conversations with Jack and homework and food and the occasional wonderful hour or so of sleep.

Hiccup drew up the blinds, blinking at the sunlight that assaulted his eyes. He unlocked the window and pushed it up. The cool, autumn air dribbled through the screen in periodic waves.

He took a deep breath.

It smelled so fresh.

Letting go of the carbon dioxide that now fill his lungs, he pushed up the olive green sleeves of his shirt and—Where to start?—

The hardwood floors were covered in centimeters of dirt and grime. Toothless's litter box should be dumped; he couldn't remember the

last time he put new litter in it. His fridge might just be the best place for a middle school science experiment. He needed to wash his clothes and his sheets.

Sighing, he grabbed his hamper and tossed the dirty clothes into the washing machine and turned it on. He put his hamper back and opened the two other windows in his apartment. It was a small thing, but it suited his needs. It was close to the campus, nice, affordable, and about thirty minutes away from both his mom and his dad if he ever wanted to visit someone.

Hiccup opened the pantry and pulled out the Swiffer and a cloth. It took six of the cloths to get his floor reasonably clean and another two to insure he hadn't missed anything. Putting everything away, he dragged his trashcan over to his fridge and opened it. Wrinkling his nose at the pungent odor that assaulted his nostrils, he began to toss everything into the trashcan. Containers of various past meals were dumped into the bag; the plastic containers went into the sink. Foiled concoctions, liquid that had long since solidified or mushified wrinkling fruits and vegetables, they all went into the trash. After his fridge was empty and the trash bag full, he pulled it from the can and tied it off; he set it outside his apartment door so that he'd remember to throw it away when he went to class on Monday.

Next, he washed the containers and dishes that piled up in his sink. He scrubbed at caked and hardened sauces and leftovers. Once twenty minutes had passed and he had barely made a dent in some of the worst of the crusted dishware, he plugged the sink, filled it with hot, soapy water and let everything sit.

By this time, the laundry was done, and he moved it into the drier. He gathered up his bed sheets to stick them into the washer but dropped them when he saw the message notification on his dash. He slid into his seat and opened it.

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jackfrost answered you:

yeah, sorry! I probably should've let you know. it was my birthday. my dad dragged me away to celebrate at the amusement park.

Ask:

It's fine. Well, happy birthday. Did you have fun?

jackfrost answered you:

yeah. I enjoyed it. it was nice. didn't need much convincing to accept the chance to ditch school.

haha|my sister finally got up the courage to go onto the large family ride they have in this waterpark section of the park this year. she was petrified the whole time. I guess I should explain. five years ago we went on it but the tube wasn't balanced very well and it started flipping. she was going to fall out so I pulled her back in but fell out in the process. she's always been scared that it'll happen again.

Ask:

Well, I'm not very sure how I should respond to that. But, wasn't that cold?

****jackfrost answered you:****

a bit. don't worry. what have you been up to?

Ask:

Eh, not much. Classes are taking up most of my time. That and lacrosse games.

****Jackfrost answered you:****

you play?

Ask:

No. My friend Astrid does. I go as moral support and all. I did a bit in high school but I stopped.

****jackfrost answered you:****

she must be a good friend for you to go to all of them

Ask:

Well, it's just the home games I go to. And yeah, she is. I kind of want toâ€¦I don't knowâ€¦I've always liked her. I just don't know what to do.

****jackfrost answered you:****

so you like her?

Ask:

Yeah, I guess.

****jackfrost answered you:****

no guessing.

Ask:

Yes. Yes, I do.

****jackfrost answered you:****

then tell her.

Ask:

I don't know how.

****jackfrost answered you:****

step one: think about what you want to say

step two: open your mouth

step three: say words that you want to say

Ask:

You make it sound so easy.

.

Their conversation spiraled on the rest of the day; Hiccup's cleaning completely forgotten until his stomach started growling and he realized that the only food he had was a can of tunafish. He had to sign off for a few hours while he went to the store.

O.O.O.o.O.O.O

The end of the semester was fast approaching. Hiccup forced himself to stay off Tumblr so that he could study, but temptation was too great.

I don't want to seem rude and not answer something Jack sends me, he reasoned as he checked his ask box every ten minutes and replied to the message that never failed to be waiting for him.

However, when he found himself focused on the same flashcard for an hour straight he decided to call off the conversation for the day.

And he lasted to the end of the day.

Early that evening saw him curled on his desk chair eating a bowl of cereal and back on Tumblr.

He had a message.

****jackfrost asked:****

hey you got a Skype?

Answer:

Yeah

****jackfrost asked:****

well what is it?

Answer:

Why?

****jackfrost asked:****

it'll be easier to talk. maybe you'd like the fact that you could see our past conversation. or my face. I dunno.

****jackfrost asked:****

just a thought

Answer:

.

A tiny yellow flash filled his Skype shortcut, signified by a soft blip. A white one pulsated.

He clicked it. He clicked "Recent" and then moved to the pending contact request that read . The profile popped up. "Jack Frost" was bold across the white screen. Hiccup squinted his eyes at the time zone that was the same as his andâ€|the same state. The profile picture wasâ€|his dragon. It had been cropped to focus on the white scaled maw that gaped open, blue flames pouring from it. "Drawn by .com" had been edited onto the bottom left corner.

Hiccup shook his head and hovered the cursor of the blue "Add to Contacts" link. He took a deep breath and clicked it.

Immediately the previously question mark filled bubble glowed green around a checkmark.

Blip.

****Jack Frost: **hey! 7:13PM**

"That was fast," Hiccup muttered as he set down his empty bowl.

Blip.

****Jack Frost:** whatcha up to? 7:13PM**

****Hiccup Haddock:** Why didn't you tell me you lived near the university? 7:14PM**

The pencil popped up and began writing. It dropped off and popped back up again.

****Jack Frost:** *shrugs* 7:15PM**

****Hiccup Haddock:** That's really all you have to say? 7:15PM**

****Jack Frost:** yeah? 7:15PM**

Hiccup shook his head.

Blip.

****Jack Frost: **soooo whatcha doing? fiercely studying away? 7:16PM**

****Hiccup Haddock:** Talking to you 7:16PM**

****Jack Frost:** smart ass 7:16PM**

****Jack Frost:** seriously though 7:16PM**

****Hiccup Haddock:**** That's seriously all I'm doing. 7:17PM

****Jack Frost:**** so I've got your full attention :) 7:17PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** Yes 7:17PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** Is Jack your real name? 7:18PM

****Jack Frost:** ****is hiccup yours?** 7:18PM

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The brunet's fingers hovered over the keyboard for a moment.

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****Hiccup Haddock:**** It's my nickname. My real name's Henry, if you couldn't tell from my Skype name. 7:19PM

****Jack Frost:**** technically jack's a nickname too. jackson's my real name. 7:19PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** You spelled it wrong. 7:20PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** It's 'technically'. 7:20PM

****Jack Frost:** ****P** 7:21PM

****Jack Frost:**** and who the hell thought hiccup was a good nickname? 7:21PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** My dad. 7:22PM

****Hiccup Haddock:** ****Everyone really. I had chronic hiccups when I was a kid.** 7:22PM

****Jack Frost:**** that must've sucked. 7:22PM

****Jack Frost:** ****were you told to hold your breath a lot?** 7:23PM

****Jack Frost:**** and hang upside down? 7:23PM

****Hiccup Haddock:**** Yes. 7:24PM

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The brunet was surprised when instead of getting an answer, he got a video call. He nibbled his lip for a moment, the cursor hovering over accept. Taking a deep breath, he clicked it.

A pale face framed with bright, white hair popped up. Bright, blue eyes sparkled with life through the screen.

"Oh, hey," the teen on the screen smirked. "You're pretty cute." He pointed to his own cheeks in a glitchy movement. "I like the freckles."

"Thanks," Hiccup mumbled, his eyes glancing down.

"Sorry, I was curious. You don't have a profile picture, soâ€¦yeah."

"It's all right. I was curious to see what you looked like as well. I highly doubt you look like my drawing."

"Oh, yeah." He ran his fingers through his hair and buried the lower half of his face in his blue sweater. "I hope you don't mind. I gave you credit. I just really like it."

"It's all right," the brunet found himself saying again.

Jack laughed. "You say that a lot, huh?"

He shrugged. "I guess."

The teen laughed harder at that.

"Well, you've seen me. I should go. I've got two finals tomorrow and quite a bit more of studying to do."

"Sounds painful."

"Love it," he muttered sarcastically.

Jack smirked. "Okay, I guess I'll be considerate and let you go. Luck to you!"

The screen blinked black before Jack's profile popped back up.

Hiccup closed the window and shut his laptop down. He really needed to study.

O.O.O.o.O.O.O

First final: done. Second final: done.

Hiccup huffed as he plopped down at his desk and took his laptop out of his bag. He opened it and turned it on. Once it was gearing and ready to go, he immediately went to Skype. Jack was online. He smiled.

His heart stuttered at the mood message displayed on the profile.

"freckles on the mind"

Pushing the comment aside and trying to still his pounding heart, he clicked the video call. The black screen popped up; the ring hummed his speakers.

"Hey, freckles!" Jack cheered as his face popped up on the screen.

"Hey. Do you ever have school? I feel like you're always online."

"If you haven't noticed in your post-final stupor, it's four. I'm out of school," he replied with a smirk.

Hiccup sighed and rearranged his hair. "Right. Regular school hours are a thing."

Jack let out a short puff of a laugh. "So, how were your finals?"

"Don't you have finals soon?"

"You do that a lot don't you? No, I don't. My idiotic school decides to have finals after break once I've decided to forget everything."

"You might want to make another decision."

"You say that when you have to go through Christmas break and worry about finals when you get back. You don't want to."

"You are dodging responsibility."

"And you are dodging answering my question," Jack shot back.

"Which was what?" "oh, right. My finals."

The next forty minutes saw Jack patiently listening to Hiccup's rant about his professors and exams and classes and the stress and wanting it to be over, but he still had two more finals and a paper due at the end of the week.

"Eesh, rough," Jack said, popping a Sno-Cap into his mouth. "But, my pity only extends so far. You at least don't have to stress over break."

"You don't either if you decided to forget everything."

"Smart ass."

"You know, you never fully answered my question," Hiccup said.

"What question?"

"How are you always online? You have school."

Jack reached over and held up his phone in front of the screen. "There's this thing called 'apps' and another called '4G'."

"Who's the smart ass now?"

"Still you." He smirked.

And they kept talking.

And talking.

Right through dinner eaten at their desks and thoughts of studying and reasonable bedtimes. The clock at the bottom of Hiccup's screen said 1:15 AM. He yawned and shook out his hair.

"Tired?"

"A bit. Long day toâ€"yesterday. I don't have any finals later today, but I still have things I should work on."

"I'm guessing you want me to let you go?"

"You do have school tomorrow."

The teen shrugged non-committedly.

"No," Hiccup whispered.

" 'No' what?"

"I don't want to go just now."

"Okay," Jack drawled, pushing his fingers through his hair: forehead to neck. He massaged his left shoulder. "I've got something I've been wanting to ask youâ€"uhâ€"for a while. I guess I'm tired enough to actually have the gutsâ€"or lack of controlâ€"or whatever, to uhâ€"God, uh, stop looking at me with those eyes!"

"What eyes?"

"Those big green, doe eyes. And then your smile and your freckles and yourâ€" " the teen on the screen gestured about frantically, his movements glitched and patched.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Because it is all of you!" Jack huffed and lounged back in his chair. He twirled around for a few minutes; a pout pulled at his lips.

"C'mon, Jack. What were you going to tell me? Or ask."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I can't do it looking at you."

"Gee, thanks," he said sarcastically.

"No, it's not like that. I justâ€"ugh." Jack groaned, folded his arms on his desk and buried his face in them.

Muffled sounds made their way through Hiccup's speakers.

"What? What's that? I didn't catch what you said?"

The teen shifted so that his cheek pressed against his arm. He blew a lock of white hair from his eye. A smile pulled at his lips. His bright eyes gleamed in the dim light under hooded lids.

The brunet's heart hitched at the sight. "Ahâ€"so, what did you say?"

His eyes darted away to something to his left. Jack's body was

shaking like he was bouncing his foot up and down. "I asked if you were single. I know you had that whole thing with Astrid, and I haven't really asked for the 4-oh-1 on that yetâ€"I guess I haven't really _wanted_ to know, not because I wasn't interested but because I didn't want to know that you were definitely off limitsâ€"granted, just 'cuz you aren't with her doesn't mean you'd be interested in me; I mean, I know you said you were bi, but that doesn't mean you would be into _me_."

"Jack."

"What?" His eyes finally turned to the screen; they seemed infinitely dimmer than before.

Hiccup didn't like that.

"You're rambling." He smiled.

Jack slowly returned the expression before burying his face away again. "I should go." He must have spoken fairly loudly if Hiccup could hear it through his arms.

His heart clenched. He didn't want to say good-night or good-bye; he wanted the conversation to continue. He didn't want to not see Jack's face on his computer screen. He wouldn't mind leaving the video call going until he fell asleep.

"But, you haven't heard my response yet," he blurted out as Jack sat up and moved to end the call for tonight.

Hiccup took the frozen posture as an invitation to continue.

He took a deep breath and fiddled with the ends of his hair. "Yes, I'm single. Astrid and Iâ€"we went out for a little while, but we justâ€"drifted? Like, we just stayed friends more than a couple, so Iâ€"sheâ€"we decided together that it wouldn't work. "

"Oh. "

"And as for the other partâ€"I'm very much into you."

The light was back in his eyes.

"Really? Shitâ€"sorry. Really?"

Hiccup feared Jack's face would split in half he was smiling so widely. Despite the fear, he couldn't help but return it. The white-haired teen started laughing, and Hiccup felt himself returning it. Jack clamped his head over his mouth to stifle the sound.

"Yes, you idiot," Hiccup said.

"You're not put off? Like by the age or something?"

"No. "

"Great. Iâ€"I really don't want to end this call now." His smile turned shy as he buried his face in his arms again and shook his head from side-to-side.

His head popped up. "Hey, I don't live to far from Berk's campus. Maybe we could meet up tomorrow since you don't have any finals. After school ends for me of course," he added after seeing Hiccup's raised eyebrow. "What dorm do you live in?"

"I'm actually not in the dorms. I live in an apartment about ten minutes away."

"Well." His fingers slipped through his hair again. "I could come over thereâ€"I mean, if that's not uhâ€"not too much to ask."

"Sure," Hiccup said, smiling at Jack's nervousness.

Blue eyes glittered. "Great! It's a date then. I meanâ€"

"It's a date," he agreed.

End
file.